







# THE LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER--A CHEAP PAPER FOR THE MAN OF BUSINESS, THE FARMER, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WE commend to the attention of our readers the following touching verses from the pen of an amiable and accomplished lady in this city. Every line seems to us to breathe the true spirit of poetry.

## A LITTLE TRIBUTE TO LITTLE ONES.

God bless the little baby!  
Who's ever it may be,  
There's a charm in every little form  
That makes it dear to me.  
It's a joy to see them,  
Old maids may doubt "right,"  
But it wears the look of innocence  
That's ever fair to see.

III

I love to watch the motions  
Of their other little ones.  
As with older, awkward fingers,  
It's the same, the same, the same.  
I love to see them, I love to see them,  
With which I watched long ago,  
My mother's eyes were.

IV

I never saw a grave-yard  
Butch-er's grave-yard.

It's the same, the same, the same.  
I think how broken-hearted  
Some mother here has passed.

As with which I watched long ago,  
Her wretched eyes were.

V

I count me down in spirit  
Two little forms, beauty,

The same, the same, the same.

Together dropped and died  
We left these close-named

In their little narrow bed,

And thought that we never

Were blessed with such a pair.

VI

I love to watch the motions  
Of their other little ones.

If I may be, I love to see them,

There's a charm in every little form

That makes it dear to me.

I love to see them, I love to see them,

With which I watched long ago,

My mother's eyes were.

LOUISVILLE, May 13.

A VISIT AMONGST THE MORMONS.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF

Mons. Jules Remy, French Naturalist.

Translated from the French expressly for the Louisville Courier by C. W. M. I.

[CONTINUED.]

We have ourselves seen at the Salt Lake some heathen beings, who, more subject to the laws of their creation than to the commandments of the church, were pining away with sorrow at the apprehension of seeing their houses filled with rivals to their love as multitudinous as the houses of God that the old Romans were in the habit of setting up in their habitations. Others, who were not married, and who hardly contemplated a settlement at all, braved ill treatment, and even death, sooner than fall into the prevailing fashions, and become parties to a Seraglio. I am bold to acknowledge that we saw nothing at all in the system of polygamy, such as obtains amongst the Mormons. However, certain appearances lead us to believe that everything there was not rose. As an evidence of it, I only beg leave to state the following fact:

One day whilst sauntering about the gates of the city, we came upon two women sitting upon corn stubbles. They appeared to be the prey of bitter thoughts, for the tears were trickling down their cheeks. Recollecting to have seen them at the family fireside, we approached them and recognized a mother and her daughter. The mother, to all appearance a very respectable lady, was married in her widowhood to a Polygynous Saint. We stopped to inquire into the cause of their sadness. The absence of all witness and their profound grief, together with our character as strangers, inspired them with confidence to unbosom their hearts and give us this piece of information. The husband of the woman who we know, and who appeared to us to be one of the most reliable and candid men in the world, had conceived a terrible passion for his step-daughter, and had demanded her in marriage. The poor child, scarcely sixteen years of age, bearing upon her gracious countenance the rose of beauty, with the lily of virtue, could not brook the idea of creating herself up into her mother's rival, and had rejected the alliance with the repugnance and dignity of a Baron-matron. The mother, on her part refused to exert her authority to overcome the scruples of the daughter. By consequence, the husband had confounded them both in one common and brutal hatred, and driven them from his house, after having beat them in the most inhuman manner. In the depth of their sorrow and depression, the poor woman invoked the sovereign judge of the universe to dethrone them according to the laws of justice, and graciously put a period at once to their sufferings and to their existence.

I give this anecdote for what it is worth, without seeking to draw from it any other conclusion than this--that the church causes the members to veil many hidden miseries.

All the wives of the same Saint live under the same roof, generally, but always in separate chambers. They eat at the same table, and live together in a state of social, fraternal harmony. Each one partakes of the conjugal bed in turn, unless this rule be relaxed (as it sometimes is) by the caprices of the husband. To the care of the household, they often add their own industrial occupation, such as knitting or wool-carding. All the children of the husband must be equally dear to each particular wife; it is but just to declare that in general they conform entirely and religiously to this law. In public deliberations and congresses, they have neither part nor lot, their duty being to serve the servants of the Almighty.

The children of the Mormons are strong, well proportioned and handsome. In a moral point of view, it gives me to say that they are much less remarkable. Vice enters their minds at an early age. It is painful to think what their precocious conduct promises in the future. The Mormons themselves, recognizing the evil, hope to remedy it by the system of education that is on the point of adopting. Seneca has said, with infinite reason:

"Moxas! seors! debet reverentia." I believe that it is to slight forcefulness of this sage that the Saints are to attribute the great and notable perversity of their growing progeny.

On the 6th of October, in the year of our Lord, 1855, and the 25th of the foundation of the church of the latter Day Saints, transpired with the enclosure of the Temple of Zion, one of those semi-annual celebrations to which the people of Utah are exercised by a general epiphany from the great Council. By a happy and most fortunate coincidence, we were enabled to be present at this solemn convocation, which can only be compared to the feasts held from time to time by Catholic nations. More than ten thousand of the faithful assembled from all parts of the territory to listen in wonder and admiration to the oracular words of the Prophets and the leading men of the church. The city and its environs were animated, and gay as the streets of Rome in the Holy Week or time of Carnival. In every direction might be seen rustic chariots, drawn by mules, oxen, or horses, and adorned with the Saints of either sex, whose variegated and really characteristic costume might have proved a fortune to the pencil of Leopold Robert. We were only too eager and ambitious to take advantage of this favorable opportunity of getting a deep and thorough insight into the principles and practice of the Mormon religion; and although we had a warm and pressing invitation from the Pope of Utopia to take a place by the side of the pontifical throne, we resolved, in order to be able to take a better observation, to mingle with the mighty throng itself as one of the people. But first a word in regard to the Tabernacle.

The form of the enclosure wherein the Temple is a perfect square, a little over 200 yards to the side, with walls near four garden height, and entered by three large gates. In the south-western angle of this place, stands the Tabernacle, a very large structure built up of stone and unbroken brick, and designed for the purposes of divine service until the completion of the temple of the new Jerusalem. In front of the Tabernacle is the Bowery, a sort of shed of the most spacious kind, topped with planks and beams, designed to contain the surplus of the faithful, who have not been able to enter the Tabernacle.

and to shelter them from the burning rays of the sun. Towards the South-west may be discerned the foundations of the temple, whose length is to exceed 46 yards, and whose width 36, resting upon walls three yards in thickness. This temple, which is to be surrounded and adorned with four large polyhedral steeples, and which (to hear the Saints talk) is in its splendor and grandeur of its architectural proportions, to leave all the other monuments of the world that do such honor to the genius of man, is in the process of being constructed of a superb granite, hewn out of a neighboring mountain and brought at great expense, to the city in the North-western corner rises before the eyes, in graceful proportion, the Embankment House. In addition to the many cares that now call for their attention, their society just forming so to speak, and really being in quite a normal state, there may be already reared thirty schools at the great Salt Lake City. The instructors are paid in kind by the families, who send pupils, and consequently put the state to no expense whatever. Here is a public advertisement that I read posted upon the door of one of the colleges:

"We, the schoolmasters of Cedar City and county, to all the brethren of the church:

"We have recently received a

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